

The Tragedie

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too
Thou maielt be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him,

La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.

Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes one place elſe, if ye will heare me name it.

La. Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.

Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

La. I hope ſo.

Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Ladie Anne,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blamefull as the executioner?

La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accuſt effect.

Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beautie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweet boſome.

La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from my cheekes.

Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer endure ſweet beauties wrack
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

La. Black night ouerſhade thy day, and death thy life.

Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.

La. I would I were to be reuengde on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.

La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuengd on him that ſlew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

of Richard the third.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then I.

La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.

La. Why what was hee?

Glo. The ſelfe ſame name, but one of better nature.

La. Where is hee?

Glo. Heere. *Shee ſpitteth at him.*

Why doeſt thou ſpit at mee?

La. Would it were mortall poyſon for thy ſake.

Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a place.

La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler toade,

Out of my ſight, thou doeſt infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes ſweet Lady haue infected mine.

La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might dye at once,

For now thy kill mee with a liuing death:

Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt tears,

Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops,

I neuer ſued to friend nor enemy,

My tongue could neuer learne ſweete ſoothing words,

But now thy beautie is propoſde my ſee:

My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,

Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcoſne, for they were made

For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.

If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgieue,

Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe pointed ſword,

Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,

And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee:

I laie it naked to the deadly ſtroke:

And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.

Nay, do not pawſe, twas I that kild your husband

But twas thy beautie that prouoked mee:

Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king Henry,

But twas thy heavenly face that ſet me on:

Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp me.

La. Arise diſsembler, though I wiſh thy death,

I will not be the executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will doe it.

La. I haue alreadie.